on the television the president touts
economic gains/ still the struggle
of my people inflates/ five dollars a
gallon today/ with thralldom hence we pay/

the pressure builds and builds/ like a
fault waiting to slip/ monuments of
stone and steel capitulate to seismic whim/
wilshire tower leans then crashes/

on commuters of the one ten/ on underpass
denizens/ on trust fund benefactors/
on outraged protesters/

the magnitude of wickedness realized
in the inumerable shards of glass/ immorality
embodied in twisted metal/ crushed spirit
pulverized concrete/ empty like the sky
whom the building has bowed before/

"my fears "